

Mundus Foppensis:

OR, THE
Fop Display'd.
BEING
The Ladies VINDICATION,

In Answer to a late Pamphlet, Entituled,
Mundus Muliebris : Or, The Ladies Dressing-Room Unlock'd, &c.

In Burlesque.

Together with a short SUPPLEMENT
to the *Fop-Dictionay*: Compos'd for the
use of the Town-Beaus.

*Prisca juvent alios ; Ego me nunc denique natum,
Gratulor hec etias moribus apta meis.
Non quia nunc terra lenti um subducunt aurum
Levitaque diverso littore Concha venit.
Sed quia cultus adegit ; nec nostros mansit in Annos,
Rusticitas Priscis illa superstes avis.*
Ovid de Arte Amandi. Lib. 3.

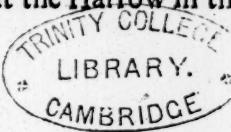
London, Printed for John Harris at the Harrow
in the Poultry, 1691.

Advertisement.

There is newly published *The Present State of Europe*; or, *The Historical and Political Mercury*: Giving an Account of all the publick and private Occurrences that are most considerable in every Court, for the Months of *August* and *September*, 1690. With curious *Reflections* upon every State. To be continued Monthly from the Original, published at the *Hague* by the Authority of the States of *Holland* and *West-Friesland*. Sold by John Harris at the Harrow in the *Poultrey*.

There is newly published *A plain Relation of the late Action at Sea*, between the *English* and *Dutch*, and the *French* Fleets, from *June 22th.* to *July 5th.* last: With *Reflections* thereupon, and upon the Present State of the Nation, &c.

Written by the Author of the *Reflections upon the last Years Occurrences*, &c. London, Printed for John Harris at the Harrow in the *Poultrey*. Price 1 s.



THE PREFACE.

Ladies,

IN the Tacker together of **Mundus Vul-
bis**, As it was a very great Piece of ill Man-
ners, to unlock your Dressing-Rooms without your
Leave, so was it no less indecent in him to expose
your Wardrobes to the World, especially in such a
Rhapsody of Rhime Doggeril as looks much more like
an Inventory than a Poem ; however, he has on-
ly pilfer'd away the Names of your Varieties with-
out doing ye any other Mischief ; for there is no-
thing to be found in all his Index, nor his Dictiona-
ry neither, but what becomes a Person of Quality
to give, and a Person of Quality to receive ; and
indeed, considering how frail the mortal Estates of
mortal Gentlemen are, it argues but a common Pru-
dence in Ladies to take Advantage of the Kindness
of their Admirers ; to make Hay while the Sun
shines ; well knowing how often they are inveigl'd
out of their Jointures upon all Occasions : Besides, it is a

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general Desire in Men, that their Ladies should keep Home, and therefore it is but reasonable they should make their Homes as delightfull as it is possible ; and therefore this Bubble of an Inventory is not to be thought the Effect of general Repentance, among your Servants and Adorers, but the capricious Malice of some Person envious of the little Remunerations of your Kindnesses for being disbanded from your Conversation ; little indeed, considering the Rewards due to your Merits, otherwise it would be the greatest Injustice upon Earth for the Men to think of reforming the Women before they reform themselves, who are ten times worse in all respects, as you will have sufficient to retort upon them when you come by and by to the Matter.

But to shew that it is no new thing for Ladies to go gay and gaudy, we find in Ovid, that the Women made use of great variety of Colours for the Silks of which they made their Garments, of which the chiefest in request among them were Azure, Sea-green, Saffron colour, Violet, Ash colour, Rose colour, Chestnut, Almond Colour, with several others, as their Fancy thought fit to make choice ; nor were they deny'd the Purple in Grain, overlaid with Pearl, or embroider'd with Gold : Nor was

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Was it a strange thing for the Roman Women to die their Hair Yellow, as an augmentation to their Beauty ; nor did the severity of the times at all oppose it, but rather allow'd it. Now, says Ovid, The Manner of dressing is not of one sort, and therefore let every Lady choose what best becomes her ; first consulting her Looking-glass. And soon after, he confesses that there were not more Leaves upon a large Oak, nor so many Bees in Hybla, nor so many wild Beasts ranging the Alps as he could number differences of dressing Ladies. He tells ye how Laodamia drest to set off a long Face. How Diana drest when she went a Hunting : And how Iole was carelessly drest when she took Alcides Captive in the Dangles of her Tresses : So that it is no such new thing for the Women of this Age to desire rich and splendid Ornaments. And why their Grandmothers, and Great Grandmothers confin'd themselves to their Nuptial Kirtles, their Gowns and Petticoats that lasted so many Anniversaries ; their Virginals for Musick, and their Spanish Pavans, and Sellingers Rounds for Recreation, after their long poring upon Tent-stitch, 'tis not a farthing Matter for our Ladies to enquire : 'Twas their Misfortune they knew no better ; but because they
knew

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knew no better, 'tis no Argument that our Ladies should be ty'd to their obsolete Examples: For the Alterations of Times and Customs alter the Humors and Fashions of an Age, and change the whole Frame of Conversation. Juno is by the Poets trick'd up in Vestments embroidered with all the Colours of the Peacocks; and no question the Poets spoke with Relation to the Gallantry of the Women of those times. And who so gaudy as Madam Iris in the Skie, and therefore said to be chief Maid of Honour to Jupiter's Wife. I could give ye an Account of the Habits of Venus, and the Graces, which the Poets adapting to the Modes of those Times, plainly demonstrates, that the Ladies were no less curious in those days than now.

So then, Ladies, for your comfort be it spoken, here's only a Great Cry and little Wool; while the Unlocker of your Dressing-Rooms brings us a long Bedroll of hard Names to prove that you make use of a great deal of Variety to set forth and grace your Beauty, and render your Charms more unresistable, and that you love to have your Closets splendidly and richly furnish'd: Heavens be prais'd, he lays nothing Criminal to your Charge; but only puts ye in mind of a Chapter in Isaiah, of which

you

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*you are not bound to take much notice, in regard
his mistaking the 5. for the 3 : may secure ye there
is little heed to be given to his Divinity.*

*But on the other side it makes me mad to hear
what the Devil of a Roman Satyr Juvenal speaks
of his own Sex ; for tho' he makes Women bad e-
nough , he makes it an easier thing to meet with
Prodigies and Monsters, than Men of Sense and
Vertue.*

Should I behold in *Rome*, that Man, *says he,*
That were of spotless Fame, and Life unblam'd;
More than a Wonder it would be to me,
And I that Monster would compare to damn'd:
Two-headed Boy, with double Members born,
Or Fish, by Plow turn'd up, where lately Corn
In fertile Acres grew ; or Fole by Mule
Brought forth, as Heaven would Nature over-rule:
No less amaz'd, than if a stoney Showre
Should from the Skie upon the Pavement pour ;
Or that some Swarm of Bees , ascending higher
Than usually, should cluster on the Temple Spire ;
Or that some rapid and impetuous Stream,
Should roll into the Sea , all Bloud, or Cream.

*Heavens ! how many Wonders do's Juvenal
make at the sight of an Honest Man in his time ;
and yet when he has spoken as bad as he could of
the.*

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the Women, we find no such severe Expressions of his upon the Female Sex. Now Ladies if good Men are so scarce, what need you care what Fools and bad Men say. 'Tis true it must be acknowledg'd a hard Censure upon Men ; but it was a Man that said it ; and therefore it makes the better for the Feminine Gender. Well, Ladies, you may be pleas'd to make what use of it you think fit, as being that which will certainly defend ye against all the Picklocks of your Dressing-Rooms for the future ; besid's the Liberty which Ovid, an Authentick Author, gives ye, to make use of what Dresses, what Ornaments, what Embellishments you please, according to the Mode and Practice of those times, under one of the best Rulers of the Roman Empire , and far more antient than when your Grandmothers and Great Grandmothers spun Flax, and bespittl'd their Fingers.

THE

T H E

Fop Display'd;

O R,

The Ladies VINDICATION:

In ANSWER to

The Ladies Dressing-Room Unlock'd, &c.

FAin wou'd I, Ladies, briefly know
 How you have injur'd Bully *Beau* ;
 That he thus falls , with so much noise,
 Upon your Trinkets, and your Toys ?
 Something was in't ; for I protest t' ye,
 He has most wonderfully drest ye :
 Nor has his Wrath spar'd ye an inch,
 To set ye out in Pedlars French ;
 And all his Readers to possess ,
 That Women conjure when they dress :

B

Malici.

Malicious *Beau*-Design, to make
 The Ladies Dressing-Room to speak
 Hard Words, unknown to all their Gransires ;
 The Language like of Necromancers.
 Heavens ! must Men still be at th' Mercies
 Of new *Medeas*, and new *Circes* ;
 Not working by the fatal Powers
 Of old enchanting Herbs and Flowers ;
 But by the Magick of their Garments,
 Conspiring to renew our Torments ?
 I'll not believe the venomous Satyr,
 It cannot be in Ladies Nature,
 So amiable, sweet, and active,
 To Study Magical Attractive ;
 As if they wanted Help of *Endor*,
 Their Graces more Divine to render.
 Rather we think this *Jargonry*
 Beyond the Skill of Doctor *Dee* :
 Hell's Preacher, *Phlegyas*, from below,
 Call'd up, and hous'd in carnal *Beau* ;
 With wicked Hells *Enthusiasm*,
 Between each Sex to make a *Chasm* ;
 For *Virgil*, never tax'd of Nonsense ;
 Nor yet provok'd, to injure Lady

Brings,

Brings in the same infernal Rabbi,
 Among the Damn'd, disturb'd in Conscience ;
 And stirr'd with like Satyrick Rage,
 Against the Females of that Age.

Ingratefull Rhimer ! thus to vex
 The more refin'd and lovely Sex,
 By acting like officious Novice ,
 Informer in the Devil's *Crown-Office*,
 If we mayn't rather take him for
 Some busie, bold Apparator,
 In Satan's Commons Court of Arches,
 By his more Feminine Researches :
 Tho' what if many a tainted Whore
 Tormented him before his hour,
 'Twas mean Revenge, howe'er, to fall
 On the whole Sex in general ;
 'Cause 'twas his ill luck still to light
 On Ware unsound, for want of Wit.

What if the Ladies will be brave,
 Why may not they a Language have
 To wrap their Trinkets up in Mystery ?
 Since Men are much more blam'd in History,
 For tying up their Slipper peaks
 With Silver Chains, that reach'd their Necks.

Was't not, d' ye think, a pleasant sight,
 To see the smiling Surgeon slit
 The swelling Figs, in Bum behind,
 Caught by misusing of his Kind ?
 But Women, only for being quaint,
 To signifie the Things they want
 By proper Names, must be reproach'd,
 For wanton, foolish, and debauch'd ;
 Yet Learning is no Crime to Ladies,
 And Terms of Art are still where Trade is.
 Printers speak Gibb'rish at their Cases ;
 And Weavers talk in unknown Phrases ;
 And Blacksmith's 'Prentice takes his Lessons
 From Arabick (to us) Expressions :
 Why then mayn't Ladies, in their Stations,
 Use novel Names for novel Fashions ?
 And is not *Colbertine*, God save us,
 Much nearer far than *Venus maurus* ;
 A sort of Cant, with which the young
 Corrupted once their Mother Tongue :
 Is such a Bumpkin Cant as that
 Fit for an Age where only what
 Is brisk and airy, new refin'd,
 Exalts the Wit, and clears the mind ?

No Ladies, no; go on your way ;
 Gay Cloaths require gay Words, we say.

When Art has trimm'd up Head-Attire,
 Fit for a Nation to admire ;
 And Head and Ornament are well met,
 Like Amazonian Plume and Helmet ;
 To call that by a vulgar Name,
 Would be too mean, and th' Artist shame ;
 Call it a *Septizonium*, or *Tiara* ;
 Or what you please, that's new and rare-a.
 May not the Head, the Seat of Sense,
 Name it's own Dress, without Offence ?
 The Roman Ladies, you are told,
 Wore such a Head-Attire of old ;
 And what if *Juvenal* were such a Satyr,
 The Roman Ladies to bespatter ;
 Tell *Juvenal*, he was a Fool,
 And must not think to *England* rule :
 Why should her Jewels move my Spleen ;
 Let her out-dazle *Egypt*'s Queen :
 It shows that Gold the Pocket lines,
 Where such illustrious Glory shines ;
 And there's a sort of Pride becomes
 The Pomp of Dress, as well as Rooms.

I would.

I would not for the World be thought
 To pick a hole in Ladies Coat ;
 Because they make it their Delight,
 To keep their Bodies trim and tite.
 What though the Names be new, and such
 As borrow from the French and Dutch ?
 Or strain'd from the Italian Idiom,
 Rather from hence I take the Freedom,
 To praise their Care, thus to enrich
 And fructifie our barren Speech,
 We owe to their Vocabulary,
 That makes our Language full and airy,
 Enlarging *Meige's* Dictionary.

Where things want Names, Names must be had :
 Shall Lady cry to Chamber-maid,
 Bring me my Thing there, for my head ;
 My Thing there, quilted white and red ;
 My Thing there for my Wrists and Neck ;
 'Tis ten to One the Maids mistake ;
 Then Lady cries, The Devil take
 Such cursed Sots; my tother Thing ;
 Then 'stead of Shoes, the Cuffs they bring.
 'Slife--- Lady crys, if I rise up,
 I'll fend thee to the Devil to sup ;

And

And thus, like *Babel*, in conclusion,
 The Lady's Closet's all Confusion ;
 When as if Ladies name the Things,
 The Maid, whate'er she bid her, brings ;
 Neither is Lady chaf'd with Anger ,
 Nor Bones of Maiden put in danger.

Sure then 'twas some ill-natur'd *Beau*,
 To persecute the Ladies so ;
 For peopling, of their own accords,
Phillip's English World of Words :
 A *Beau* more cruel than the *Goths* ,
 Thus to deny the Women Cloaths :
 As if to theirs the rich Additions
 Were Heathen Rites, and Superstitions ;
 Or else, as if from *Pitts* descended,
 He were with Women's Cloaths offended ;
 And spite of cold, or heat of air,
 He lov'd to see Dame Nature bare.
 Their Shoes and Stays, he says, are tawdry,
 Not fit to wear 'cause of th' Embroidry.
 For Petticoats he'd have e'm bare-breech'd,
 From *India* 'cause the Stuffs are far-fetch'd.
 Their Points and Lace he damns to Hell ;
 Corruptions of the Common-Weal.

The

The vain Exceptions of Wifearcs,
 Fit to goe herd among the Quakers ;
 And talk to *Maudlin*, in close Hood,
 Things that themselves ne'er understood.
 Now let us then the *Beau* survey,
 Has he no Baubles to display :
 There's first the *Dango*, and the *Snake*,
 Those *Dildoes* in the Nape of Neck ;
 That dangle down behind, to shew
 Dimensions of the *Snake* below
 'Tis thick, and long : but pizzl'd at th' end,
 And would be thought the Woman's Friend :
 Yet they who many times have try'd,
 By *Dango* swear the *Snake* bely'd.
 Then th' insignificant *Knee-Rowl*,
 A mere *Whim-wham*, upon my Soul ;
 For that 'twas never made, I fear,
 To save the Master's Knees at Prayer :
 Which being worn o'th' largest size,
 That Man *Rolls* fuli, the Bully cries.
 A Term of Art for Knees Concinnity,
 Beyond the Sense of School-Divinity.

What *Beau* himself wold so unman,
 To ride in scandalous Sedan ?

A Car-

A Carriage only fit for Midwives,
 That of their Burthens go to rid Wives ;
 Unless to hide, from Revelation,
 Th' Adulterer's haste to Assignation.

What Dunces are our Tonfors grown,
 Where's their Gold Filings in an Amber Box,
 To strew upon their Masters Locks,
 And make 'em glitter in the Sun ?
 Sure English *Beaus* may out-vie *Venus*,
 As well as *Commodus*, or *Gallienus*.
 'Twas Goldilocks, my lovely Boy,
 Made *Agamemnon* ruine *Troy*.

I could produce ye Emperours
 That fate in Womens Dress whole hours,
 Expos'd upon the publick Stage
 Their Catamites, Wives by Marr'age.

Your old Trunk-hose are laid aside,
 For what-d'-ye-call-em's Tail to hide ;
 So strait and close upon the Skin ,
 As onely made for Lady's Eyne ;
 To see the shape of Thighs and Groin :
 Hard case *Priapus* should be so restrain'd,
 That had whole Orchards at command.

Yet these are Toys, in Men, more wise,
 To Womens innocent Vanities.
 While soft Sir *Courtly Nice* looks great,
 With the unmortgag'd Rents of his Estate :
 What is the Learning he adores,
 But the Discourse of Pimps and Whores ?
 She who can tye, with quaintest Art,
 The spruce Cravat-string, wins his Heart ;
 Where that same Toy does not exactly fit,
 He's not for common Conversation fit.
 How is the Barber held Divine,
 That can a Perriwig *Carine* !
 Or else *Correct* it ; which you please ;
 For these are *Terms* too, now-a-days ,
 Of modern Gallants to entice
 The Barber to advance his Price :
 For if a Barber be not dear,
 He must not cover Coxcomb's Ear.

Bless us ! what's there ? 'tis something walks,
 A piece of Painting, and yet speaks :
 Hard Case to blame the Ladies Washes,
 When Men are come to mend their Faces.
 Yet some there are such Women grown,
 They cann't be by their Faces known :

Some wou'd be like the fair *Adonis* ;
 Some would be *Hyacinthus* Cronies ;
 And then they study wanton use
 Of Spanish Red, and white Ceruse ;
 The only Painters to the Life,
 That seem with Natures self at strife ;
 As if she only the dead Colours laid,
 But they the Picture perfect made.
 What *Zeuxis* dare provoke these Elves,
 That to out-doe him paint themselves ?
 For tho' the Birds his painted Grapes did crave,
 These paint and all Mankind deceive.
 This sure must spend a World of Morning,
 More than the Ladies quick adorning ;
 They have found out a shorter way ,
 Not as before, to waft the day ;
 They only comb, wash hands and face,
 And freightway, with a comely Grace,
 On the admired *Helmet* goes,
 As ready rigg'd as their lac'd Shoes.
 Far much more time Men trifling waft,
 E'er their soft Bodies can be drest ;
 The Looking-Glass hangs just before,
 And each o'th' Legs requires an hour :

Now thereby, Ladies, hangs a Tale,
 A Story for your Cakes and Ale.
 A certain *Beau* was lately dressing,
 But sure, e'er he had crav'd Heavens Blessing ;
 When in comes Friend, and finds him laid
 In mournfull plight, upon his Bed.
 Dear *Tom*, quoth he, such a Mischance
 As ne'er befell the Foes of *France* ;
 Nay, I must tell thee, *Fleury* Battel
 Was ne'er to *Europe* half so fatal ;
 For by I know not what ill luck,
 My Glass this Morn fell down and broke
 Upon my Shin, just in my Rolling ;
 Now is not this worth thy condoling ?
 See Stocking cut, and bloody Shin,
 Besides the Charge of healing Skin.
 'Twas the only Kindness of my Fate,
 It mist the solid Piece, my Pate.

Ladies, this was ill luck, but you
 Have much the worser of the two ;
 The World is chang'd I know not how,
 For Men kis Men, not Women now ;
 And your neglected Lips in vain,
 Of smugling *Jack*, and *Tom* complain :

A most

A most unmanly nasty Trick,
 One Man to lick the other's Cheek ;
 And only what renews the shame
 Of *J.* the first, and *Buckingham* :
 He, true it is, his Wives Embraces fled
 To slabber his lov'd *Ganimede* ;
 But to employ, those Lips were made
 For Women in *Gomorrha*'s Trade ;
 Bespeaks the Reason ill design'd,
 Of railing thus 'gainst Woman-kind :
 For who that loves as Nature teaches,
 That had not rather kiss the Breeches
 Of Twenty Women, than to lick
 The Bristles of one Male dear *Dick* ?

Now wait on *Beau* to his *Alsatia*,
 A Place that loves no *Dei Gratia* ;
 Where the Undoers live, and Undone,
 In *London*, separate from *London* ;
 Where go but Three Yards from the street,
 And you with a new Language meet :
Prig, *Prigster*, *Bubble*, *Caravan*,
Pure Tackle, *Buttock*, *Pureſt pure*.
Sealers, *Putts*, *Equipp*, and *Bolter* ;
Lug out, *Scamper*, rub and *scovre*.

Ready-

Ready, Rhino, Coal, and Darby,
Meggs, and Smelts, and Hoggs, and Decus;
Tathers, Fambles, Tatts and Doctors,
Bowsy, Smoaky, Progg, and Cleare,
Bolter, Banter, Cut a sham;
With more a great deal of the same.
Should *Saffola* make but half this Rattle,
When Maidens visit his O-racle,
They'd take him for some Son of *Cham*,
Calling up Legion by his Name.

Add but to this the Flanty-Tant
Of Fopling Al-a-mode Gallant ;
Why should not *Gris*, or *Jardine*,
Be as well allow'd as *Bien gaunte* ;
Cloaths is a paltry Word *Ma foy* ;
But Grandeur in the French *Arroy*.
Trimming's damn'd English, but *le Gras*
Is that which must for Modish pass.
To call a Shoe a Shoe, is base,
Let the genteel *Picards* take Place.
Hang *Perrinwig*, 'tis only fit
For Barbers Tongues that ne'er spoke Wit ;
But if you'd be i'th' Fashion, choose
The far politer Term, *Cbedressx*

What

What Clown is he that proudly moves,
 With on his hands what we call Gloves ?
 No Friend , 'for more refin'd converse
 Will tell ye they are *Orangers*.
 So strangely does *Parisian* Air
 Change English Youth, that half a year
 Makes 'em forget all Native Custome,
 To bring French Modes, and *Gallic* Lust home ;
 Nothing will these Apostates please,
 But *Gallic* Health, and French Disease.
 In French their Quarrels, and their Fears ,
 Their Joys they publish, and their Cares ;
 In French they quarrel, and in French
Mon coeur, they cry, to paltry Wench.

Why then should these Extravagants
 Make such Rhime-doggeril Complaints.
 Against the Ladies Dressing-Rooms,
 And closets stor'd with rich Perfumes ?
 There's nothing there but what becomes
 The Plenty of a fair Estate :
 Tho' Chimney Furniture of Plate,
 Tho' Mortlake Tapestry, Damask-Bed ;
 Or Velvet all Embroidered ;

Tho'

Tho' they affect a handsome store,
 Of part for State, of usefull more ;
 They're Glories not to be deny'd
 To Women, stopping there their Pride ;
 For such a Pride has nothing ill,
 But only makes them more genteel.
 Should Nature these fine Toys produce ,
 And Women be debarr'd the use ?
 These are no Masculine Delights ;
 Studies of Books for Men are sights ;
 A Stable with good Horses stor'd,
 And Payment punctual to their Word :
 Proportion these things to my Wishes,
 Let Women take the Porcelan Dishes ;
 The Toylet Plates gilt andembost,
 With all the rest of little cost :
 Such small Diffusion feeds the Poor,
 While Misers hoard up all their store.

Our Satyr then was one of those
 Who ne'er had VVealth at his dispose ;
 Or being sped to live in Plenty,
 Posted to find his Coffers empty ;
 Addicted all to sport and Gaming,
 And that same Vice not worth the naming ;

Till

Till deeply dipp'd in Us'ers Books,
And over-rid by Cheats and Rooks,
The *Mint* becomes his Sanctuary,
Where not of his past Errors weary,
But aged grown, and impotent,
Alike in Purse and Codpiece spent,
He *Cynic* turns, in *King's-Bench* Tub,
And vents the Froth of Brewers Bub :
Where we will leave him melancholly,
Bewailing Poverty, and Folly.

D

A Sup-

N

A Short *Supplement* to the *Fop-Diction-*
ary, so far as concerns the present Matter.

Adieu donc me Cheres.

Farewell my dear Friends.

Arroy.

A Suit of Cloaths.

To adjust a Man's self.

That is, to dress himself.

Beau.

A Masculine French Adjective, signifying fine ;
but now naturaliz'd into *English* to denote a spar-
kish dressing Fop.

Beaux Esprits.

A Club of Wits, who call'd themselves so.

Bachique.

A Drinking Song or Catch.

The Brilliant of Language.

Sharpness and wittiness of Expression.

A Brandenburg.

A Morning Gown.

To Carine a Perrinwig.

That is, to order it.

Cbedreux.

A Perrinwig.

Correct.

The same as *Carine*.

Deshabille.

Undrest, or rather in a careless Dress.

En Cavalier.

Like a Gentleman.

Esclat.

Of Beauty, or the Lustre of Beauty. *Eveille.*

A short Supplement, &c.

Eveille.

I observ'd her more *Eveille* than other Women ;
that is, more sprightly and airey.

Equipt.

That is, well furnish'd with Money and Cloaths.

Gaunte Bien Gaunte.

Modish in his Gloves.

Grossier.

The World is very *Grossier* ; that is, very dull, and ill bred.

Levee and Couchee.

Is to attend a Gentleman at his rising or going to Bed.

Le Gras.

The Furniture of a Suit.

Oranger's.

The Term for Gloves scented with Oranges.

Picards.

Shoes in downright English.

Pulvillio.

Sweet Powder for the Hair.

Rolls.

A sort of Dress for the Knees, invented as some say by the Roman Catholicks, for the conveniency of Kneeling, but others ascribe the lucky Fancy to Coll. S----

A Revoir.

Till I see you again.

Surtout.

The great Coat which covers all.

For the rest you are referr'd to the Dilucidations, of the *Alsatian* Squire.

F I N I S.

ADVERTISMENT.

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